Then to ſuſpition.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe ſo my Lord,
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſſe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Caſsio's* my worthy friend:
My Lord, I ſee you are moou'd,

Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Deſdemona's* honeſt.

Iag. Long liue ſhe ſo, and long liue you to thinke ſo.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it ſelfe.

Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may ſmell in ſuch a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportion, thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in poſition,
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doeſt perceiue, let me know more, ſet on
Thy wife to obſerue: leaue me *Iago*.

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honeſt creature doubtleſſe
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.

Iag My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,
To ſcan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
And though tis fit that *Caſsio* haue his place,
(For ſure he fills it vp with great ability,)
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that, perceiue him and his meanes;
Note if your Lady ſtraine her entertainement,
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity,
Much will be ſeene in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
(As worthy cauſe I haue, to feare I am:)

And

And hold her free, I de
Oth. Feare not my
Iag. I once more t
Oth. This fellowe
And knowes all quan
Of humane dealings:
Tho that her Ieſſes w
I'de whiſtle her off, an
To prey at fortune.
And haue not thoſe ſo
That Chamberers hau
Into the vale of yeare
Shee's gone, I am abu
Muſt be to loath her
That we can call thes
And not their appeti
And liue vpon the va
Then keepe a corner
For others vſes: yet
Prerogatiu'd are they
Tis deſteny, vnſhunn
Euen then this forked
When we doe quicke
If ſhe be falſe, O ther
Ile not beleeue it.

Ent

Deſ. How now m
Your dinner, and the
By you inuited, doe
Oth. I am to bla
Deſ. Why is you
Oth. I haue a pai
Deſ. Why that's
Let me but bind it ha
It will be well.
Oth. Your napki
Let it alone, come Il
Deſ. I am very ſo

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN